

The Tragedie of Hamlet

I am iustly kild with mine owne treachery.

Ham. How does the Queene?

King. She sounds to see them bleed.

Quee. No, no, the drink, the drink, O my deare *Ham*,
The drink, the drink, I am poysoned.

Ham. O villaine! hoe let the dore be lock't,
Treachery, seek it out.

Laer. It is here *Hamlet* thou art slaine,
No medecine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous instrument is in my hand
Vnbated and enuenom'd, the soule practise
Hath turn'd it selfe on me, loe here I lye
Neuer to rise againe: thy mother's poysoned,
I am no more, the King, the Kings too blame.

Ha. The point enuenom'd to, then venom to thy work

All. Treason, treason.

King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here thou incestious damned *Dane*,
Drink of this potion, is the Onixe here?
Follow my mother.

Laer. He is iustly serued, it is a poison temperd by him-
Exchange forgiveness with me noble *Hamlet*, (selfe
Mine and my fathers death come not vpon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew.
You that looke pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes, or audience to this act,
Had I but time as this fell Sergeant Death
Is strict in his arrest. O I could tell you!
But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,
Thou liuest, report me and my cause aright
To the vnsatisfied.

Hora. Neuer belecue it;
I am more an antique *Roman* then a *Dane*,
Heer's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man
Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate,

Prince of Denmark

O God *Horatio*! what a
Things standing thus vnknowne
If thou didst euer hold me
Absent thee from felicity
And in this harsh world dr
To tell my story: what wa

Enter

Ofr. Young *Fortinbrasse*
Th'Embassadors of Englan

Ham. O I die *Horatio*,
The potent poyson quite o
I cannot liue to heare the r
But I do prophesie the elec
On *Fortinbrasse*, he has my
So tell him with th'occurra
Which haue solicited, the r

Hora. Now cracks a nob
And flight of Angels singe
Why dooes the drum com

Enter *Fortinbrasse*

Fortin. Where is this sig

Hora. VWhat is it you
If ought of woe, or wond

Fortin. This quarry cries
What feast is toward in th
That thou so many Prince
So bloudily hast strooke?

Embas. The sight is d
And our affaires from Eng
The eares are sencelesse th
To tell him his command
That *Rosencrans* and *Guy*
Where should we haue o

Hora. Not from his m
Had it th'ability of life to
He neuer gaue command
But since so iump vpon th